

# OMॐPOINT

INTERNATIONAL CIRCULAR • ISSUE 22 • FALL 2018





# OMPOINT

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Over 25,000 square feet

# MEHER BABA ARCHIVE BUILDING PURCHASED

Former school  
Near Asheville, NC

A Permanent Archive for the Silent Avatar of the Age. Water Well, Seven Acres of Land, Caretaker's Cottage and large Athletic Field. Ample Parking. Masonry Construction. Gymnasium with Full Stage Facilities. Classrooms, Offices, Artists' Studios. 2600' Elevation, 400 Miles Inland.



*"Be true to the trust I repose in you."*

*Meher Baba*



MEHER  
ARCHIVE  
COLLECTIVE



Meher Archive Collective is building  
bridges between archives, historians,  
seekers, and those who wish to see Meher

Baba's legacy preserved for all time.



# Meher Archive Collective

## Finds a New Home

By Eruch Adams, Asheville NC

BY NOW MOST BABA LOVERS HAVE HEARD OF MEHER ARCHIVE COLLECTIVE OR MAC. We published an article in last spring's Om Point briefly outlining our mission. In short, we saw a need here in America to work on unknown or untouched existing archives of those who met Baba and brought their love for Him to the West.

Letters, photos, slides, negatives, manuscripts, and various objects and art work were spread around the country and in some cases either needed an immediate home or would need one in the next five years.

With a strong desire to preserve Baba's words, and in order to get all goals met in tandem, the board of MAC determined we needed a safe place to have an archive. We brought this to the Asheville community and then beyond to different North American groups. As feedback was gathered, people pointed out that if the group had workers we might want bathrooms and a place to prepare food. And those interested in donating precious items such as sadras, jackets, and chairs touched by Baba, were adamant

that those entrusted items not end up locked away in a hidden vault. They wanted the items entrusted to them to be shared and seen in the future. We envisioned a viewing room with a place to quietly reflect. The handling of photos and films demanded a place to watch films. In this way, MAC's requirements grew as the scope of the project grew.

watched movies in the massive auditorium on rainy days or after work. There was a soccer field and a basketball court. There were offices and about 10 classrooms with various other rooms here and there.

When local builder Peter Nordeen and commercial architect Ty Provosty weighed in, they were unanimous. "BUY THIS

**BUILDING!"**

They agreed that the bones were so well built and for the asking price of around \$700,000, you couldn't beat the value for a 25,000 sq foot building, even after a major retrofit. So we set a goal for \$1.2 – 1.5 million to cover needed upfits and repairs to the roof, electrical, HVAC, and

adding a modest elevator to make it easier for disabled access to the upstairs archival rooms.

We only had a few months to bring people on board and it seemed unlikely at times. But miracles happen when Baba wills it. Within the last few days we bargained down the asking price to \$550,000, and we just raised enough to cover the building purchase. In the last month and a half, we have seen renewed commitment from



**Meher Archive Collective Red Oak - MACRO**

IN SPRING OF THIS YEAR, MAC DISCOVERED THE RED OAK SCHOOL fifteen minutes north of Asheville, which had been converted into a Christian organization where teens and young adults gathered for some weeks every summer and fixed houses for the poor. From the setup and the photos I have seen, it reminded me of the atmosphere of the Young Adult Sahavas. They converted old classrooms to dorms and made food in a commercial kitchen,



# What should we do befitting the Avatar of this age?

those who believe in this work. Not only has some money come in to help, we have had an unexpected amount of sweat equity donated by the local Asheville Baba community, one of the largest in the country. Peter Nordeen and Ken Blackman have been working almost full time. As of the end of September, we estimate that more than twenty people have donated well over 1,000 hours of volunteer time to ongoing restoration efforts. This ranges from unskilled to highly skilled labor. We are peeling back the old layers, preparing for repair and refitting the space.

There is a lot of work still to do, and a lot of money to raise to make the space fully ready for the many uses that have been identified (such as \$90k - \$200k for a significant roof repair). Here is a list from both early and recent brainstorming sessions with a group of MAC Board and advisors, based on the existing building layout and future potential:

## Primary core mission uses:

- Archive Material Storage. Safe from fire and water intrusion.
- Research and lending Library
- Workspaces for processing archival materials (physical and digital)
- Administrative offices for MAC.
- Quiet reflection / Precious items display room.
- Museum type display area with self-led media available explaining material and items in historical context.
- Educational seminar space.
- Performing arts assembly space.
- Concert quality sound system.
- Movie projection into assembly room.
- Baba Bookstore for on site and Internet sales. To include photos and gift shop items.
- Game room (Ping pong, caroms, board games).
- Child care / Play room for younger kids.
- Small meeting room, (5 – 25 persons).
- Sound/audio production and processing studio.
- Potential for future Guest housing accommodations.
- Volleyball court (I mean, we're Baba Lovers, right?)

It sounds ambitious, doesn't it? Well it is, and the work won't happen overnight. And shouldn't any center or endeavor dedicated to Meher Baba be a little bit ambitious? We have the opportunity to help the worldwide effort to preserve the words, artifacts, and materials left behind by the Avatar of the age And we are determined to rise to the challenge. In only a hundred years or so, people will wonder how it was ever a question to do this work or not. The magnificent Hazrat Bal Mosque in Srinagar, India was erected to house a single hair from the beard of the Prophet Muhammad. The question that echoes through my being is, "What should we do befitting the Avatar of this age?"

Learn a bit more about Meher Archive Collective at [www.meherarchive.org](http://www.meherarchive.org) or come by for a tour of the renovation. Contact [ken@meherarchive.org](mailto:ken@meherarchive.org) to set up times where workers are present. For information on additional ways to participate in immediate or long term capital funding, contact [scott@meherarchive.org](mailto:scott@meherarchive.org) For information about becoming a sustaining member of MAC with a monthly donation of \$10, 15, 25, 50, or 100 / month, click [meherarchive.org/donations.html](http://meherarchive.org/donations.html)

Jai Baba

Eruch Adams is Executive Director of the Meher Archive Collective based in Asheville NC.



# Q: Why Another Archive?

## A: The Long View.

by Karl Moeller, Asheville NC

EDITORIAL NOTE: These are my personal opinions and conclusions, independent of the MAC board, of which I am not a member. - KM

Shortly after the first emails from the Meher Archive Collective went out to Baba listservs around the country and the world, I received an email from an old Baba friend in Tucson. In it, this person asked some valid questions:

“...why Asheville -- when there are archives at the Meher Spiritual Center in Myrtle Beach, Beloved Archives in New Jersey, Sufism Reoriented in Walnut Creek, and the archives in Meherabad?”

She went on to comment on the various fundraising efforts by each, and the difficulty in choosing where to donate.

My reply, edited for brevity and compassion:

Meher Baba repeatedly challenged us to take the long view; how many times have we heard, “...after seven hundred years” ?? It then follows that a major goal of any archive is to preserve Baba’s words and physical artifacts for that period of time. In all the discussion of the inevitability of climate change, rising sea levels are a given. There are already multiple Arctic shipping lanes through the ice not present five years ago. If the East and West Antarctic Ice Sheets were to melt, projections say sea levels would rise around 76 meters, or 250 feet.

In 2016, after our move here, I tried to donate a beautiful huge framed picture of Baba to the Meher Spiritual Center. I was told they have no more room, and that maintenance of the Center was first and foremost in their charter. Consider the Center is at best a couple of dozen feet above sea

level. I don’t wish to minimize Baba’s statements about keeping the Myrtle Beach center safe, but it appears climate change, and rising sea levels, must be a major concern. As well as lack of room.

Beloved Archives in Hamilton (Trenton) New Jersey, is forty-five miles from the Atlantic, has an elevation of less than fifty feet, and is situated between a major river and a lake.

The Sufis in Walnut Creek are certainly archiving as well. Their new center is fourteen miles from the Pacific Ocean at an elevation of one hundred thirty-one feet, on a peninsula surrounded by water on three sides.

Regarding India, it’s true, they have a high-security climate controlled facility far inland. Unless you’re searching scanned and indexed web-enabled documents, by definition it’s half the globe away. Not feasible for deposit of physical Baba artifacts from either America or Europe.

I’m unaware of archives in Europe other than Pete Townsend’s MEFA film archive.

So here we are. The title to the Red Oak School, Weaverville, NC, was signed on August 17, 2018, the opening day of the Asheville Music Sahavas, and announced from the stage that weekend.

There’s a need for an accessible, web-enabled American archival center. The geostable mountains here, distance from the ocean, rivers, and altitude of over two thousand feet, plus the growing Baba population in Western North Carolina, make Asheville or outskirts a very compelling place for not just paper archives (scanned/transcribed/translated), but physical items from many households. As the Baba population ages, there are many tiny or not so tiny Baba treasure troves that are in danger of getting tossed or given away by clueless relatives or executors. Furniture. Pictures. Old Baba periodicals. First edition/signed books. Unpublished manuscripts. Letters to/from the Mandali. Chairs Baba sat in. Much more.

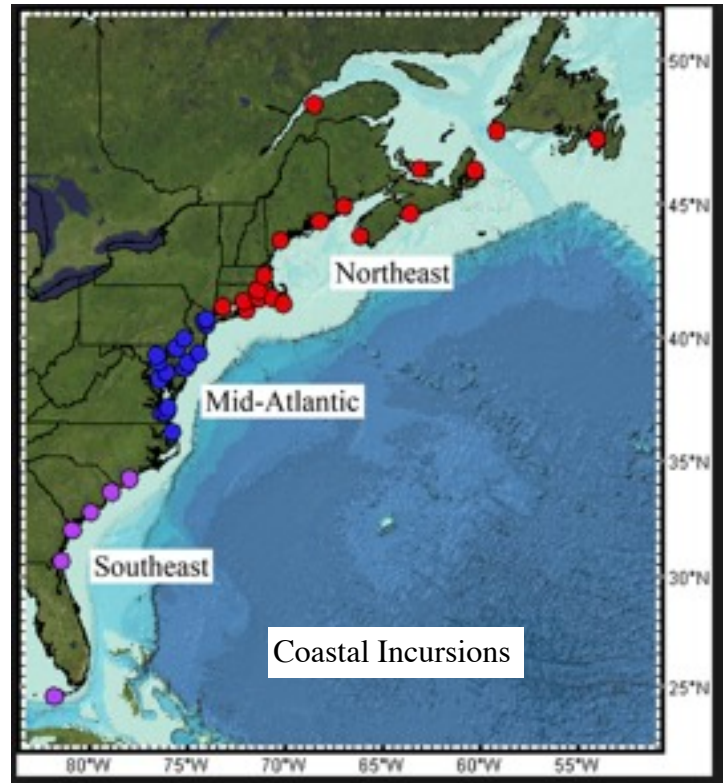
For example, this year, (2018) the Asheville group, already working hard despite no real storage facility, working out of a small office, scanned and transcribed much of the Fred and Ella Winterfeldt collection, and are making the scans available using web servers as quickly as possible. A stunning two-page document by Darwin Shaw for Baba's sixtieth birthday in 1954 was discovered by Barb Katzenberg, simply doing sorting. This hadn't been seen or read by anyone in 64 years. (Published in its entirety in OmPoint #21, 2018)

## Twenty. Five. Thousand. Square. Feet.

In a well-tempered brick building, on a hill - elevation around 2100 feet above sea level.. Already 90 years old and in fabulous shape. A large industrial kitchen. Its own spring-fed well. Possibility of solar panels on the huge roof. Office spaces. Many classrooms. An auditorium, usable for stage productions, films, and concerts. We could have the Asheville Music Sahavas there in the gymnasium. Pickup basketball games. Classes of all descriptions. And rent classrooms as artists' studios for maintenance income.

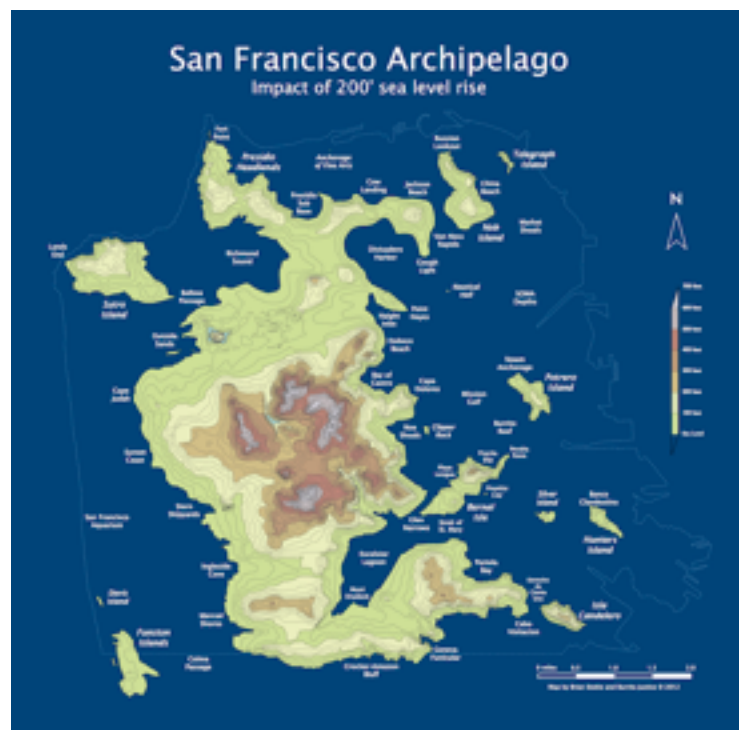
This article was begun the week of Hurricane/ Tropical Storm Florence, a mega-storm 400 miles wide. Despite wind and extensive flooding damage in eastern South and North Carolina, what happened in Asheville, three or four hundred miles inland from the coast, depending how you measure, was two days of gentle, windless rain.

My personal conviction is that the acquisition and adaptation of the Red Oak School north of Asheville is one of the most important Baba projects since the creation of the Meher Spiritual Center. This is a structure built to last, and work on it may well go on for generations.



Climate scientists state that climate change is real. Rising temperatures cause melting of polar ice, leading to massive changes in sea levels.

Here are two graphics showing anticipated incursions from rising oceans.





# Hanging Out with the Ku Klux Klan

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by Charlie Gard'ner

I have had quite a few encounters with Klansmen over the years that I have lived in Georgia, and Baba has made it very clear to me that I have to try to find Him in them... Hmmm? Only Baba can come up with challenges like that!

So... Trudy, Brian Darnell, and I went to a protest rally down in Forsyth County, Georgia, to push integration within the county lines. There were a lot of Klan demonstrators lining the sides of the roads. They yelled and spat at us, but nobody got hurt.

A month or so later I heard that the Klan had received a permit to have a rally down at the town square in Cumming, the Forsyth County seat. It was to be a BIG rally, with a stage built on the grass in front of the courthouse where speeches were planned to take place. I knew that there would also be an anti-Klan rally so I drove on down to Cumming. There were probably at least 250 Klansmen and women assembled in the square, all dressed in their robes with tall pointy hoods. Their faces were not covered as there had been a law passed that they had to show their faces at public rallies. About 100 anti-Klan demonstrators had arrived, and they were being kept separated from the Klan by long lines Georgia state patrolmen and National Guardsmen carrying automatic rifles.

I joined the anti-Klan group, who were starting to chant and yell obscenities at the Klansmen. After a short time I realized that the anti-Klan group I had come to support were probably more hateful than the Klansmen. I came up with what I thought was a great idea.. "Hey guys, let's all dance and sing the Beatles' song 'All You Need Is Love.'" I started rocking it out, singing at the top of my voice, when after a couple of minutes it became clear nobody else was singing along. They were all too busy screaming curses at the guys they had come to protest against.

After about five minutes of this, with no response from either side, I slipped through the police lines and headed through the mass of Klansmen to a huddled group of Grand Dragons, and an Imperial Wizard. These were the organizers of the rally, and the Imperial Wizard, dressed in a beautiful light pink robe, had been flown in from Mississippi to give the main speech. I slipped into the group and started asking 'stupid' questions. "Hey guys, where do you get these cool duds? Can you buy them at Sears? I think I would look good in one of these outfits... maybe help me pick up chicks?"

They looked at me like I was a complete idiot (which I was), and then told me only Grand Dragons and Wizards were permitted to wear these colors. I asked how I could become a Wizard, as I thought I'd look pretty cool in that outfit. They patiently explained to me that I couldn't just



Charlottesville VA by Torchlight 2017 (AP photo)

'become a Wizard,' that I had to be appointed as one by the various Klans. I asked if it would be okay to just buy the outfit and set up my own Klan group. They seemed a little afraid of me.

Just then, word went out that the Imperial Wizard was to come to the stage and give his speech. He mounted the steps to great cheers from the assembled Klansmen, and began to scream his message of power and hate. The speech went on for about ten minutes, the crowd going wild with joy. He ended with great cheers from the crowd, and made his way toward the steps.

"What the hell?" I thought, and started up the steps as he was coming down. "Mind if I say a few words?" I asked, not waiting for an answer. I went straight to the microphone, bowed my head, and said, "Let us pray." The crowd went silent and bowed their heads. I began,

"We repent, O God most merciful, for all our sins.."

I said the whole of Baba's Prayer of Repentance, and when I finished the assembled Klansmen all said, "Amen."

I think that it is safe to say that this is the only time that Baba's prayer has been said at a Ku Klux Klan rally.

Jai Meher Baba !!



# CHEERFULNESS, ENTHUSIASM AND EQUIPOISE

**Meher Baba**

*Among the many things which the aspirant needs to cultivate there are few which are as important as cheerfulness, enthusiasm and equipoise, and these are rendered impossible unless he succeeds in cutting out worry from his life. When the mind is gloomy, depressed and disturbed its action is chaotic and binding.*

*Hence arises the supreme need to maintain cheerfulness, enthusiasm and equipoise under all circumstances. All these are rendered impossible unless the aspirant succeeds in cutting out worry from his life. Worry is a necessary resultant of attachment to the past or to the anticipated future, and it always persists in some form or other until the mind is completely detached from everything.*

**DISCOURSES, 6th ed, vol 3, pp. 121-122**

1967 © Avatar Meher Baba Perpetual Public Charitable Trust

## PETER THE DOG

by Rustom Falahati

A story Mani would often recount was about Baba's dog Peter. One day Mani was called into mandali Hall by Baba. He was sitting in his usual chair and the men Mandali were sitting on the floor around him. Baba gestures toward His feet and Mani noticed that Peter had crawled over toward Baba and was now sleeping there. Thinking that Baba wanted her to remove Peter, she started forward. but Baba gestured to her to look at Peter, and she saw the dog's legs were moving in his sleep. He was whining as well and Baba gestured, "He is dreaming. He is having a very bad dream and is very afraid. He is dreaming he is being attacked by big dogs and he is very scared. He does not know that he is safe and sleeping at my feet."

Mani then added. "That's how we all are. Just like Peter, we are sleeping safely at His feet, but we forget this. Like Peter, we are so absorbed in our illusory dream that we take the illusory suffering to be real and feel the pain. Only on awakening do we experience the reality—that we were always safe with Him."

"It helps to remember during our moments of suffering, that we are only dreaming. He is always with us. Don't let the dream overwhelm you. Remember Him all the time. Call out to Him. Talk to Him. Repeat His name. This weakens the effect of the dream. Have you ever had a dream where you are aware that it's a dream? It's like that. When you remember Him constantly, you become aware of the dream and it does not overwhelm you."



## VILLANELLE FOR AMERICA

by Max Reif

My country seethes in its turmoil.  
Cling to the Damaan, most dear!  
God shed His Blood on American soil.

Things are being brought to a boil.  
To gross eyes, nothing at all is clear.  
My country seethes in its turmoil.

Destined to spiritually lead the world,  
Our land's New Age had seemed so near.  
God shed His Blood on American soil.

The President looks like a Gargoyle.  
Though in pain, we must not fear.  
My country seethes in its turmoil.

Godman's silent, sacred toil  
to save us is what brought Him here!  
God shed His Blood on American soil.

Will selfish, greedy men now spoil  
progress won through dogged care?  
My country seethes in its turmoil.  
God shed His Blood on American soil.

Photo Site of Meher Baba's 1952  
automobile "accident" outside Prague, Oklahoma





# REBUILDING THE ORIGINAL KITCHEN AFTER HURRICANE FLORENCE

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By Vanessa and Laurent Weichberger  
(Myrtle Beach ~ November 22, 2018)

We are sitting at the Boat House at the Meher Spiritual Center. It is Thanksgiving Day, sunny and beautiful and 46 degrees Fahrenheit. We can see gentle ripples on Long Lake. On September 14, 2018, just north of here Hurricane Florence made landfall in Wilmington, NC. We have been living in Wilmington for the last few years, so we decided to flee to Asheville, NC rather than ride the storm out.

It was fascinating to watch the hurricane's track after landfall. It literally took the same route down the East Coast beaches as we drive when going from home to the Baba center. And then once it reached Myrtle Beach, it turned again, and lumbered slowly Northwest, dumping tons of rain on South and North Carolina before dissipating. During its stay in Myrtle Beach, we were told a "microburst," which is an "intense small scale downdraft," which resulted from the passing hurricane. According to Barbara Plews, it was the microburst and not the hurricane itself, which felled a tree that came down on top of the Original Kitchen roof, at the corner of the building closest to the stairs which lead down to the Boat House.

As we know, Avatar Meher Baba had ordered Elizabeth Patterson, and the Baba-lovers working at the Meher Spiritual Center to keep the place in a state of constant repair. So naturally, the staff set about cleaning up the damage, and then rebuilding the kitchen area of the Original Kitchen (where the chai is made for the tea time gatherings). The other area, with the seating and couches, was not harmed. They sealed off the doorway between the kitchen area, and the seating, and commenced a thorough building project.

The reconstruction work is being accomplished by Don McBride and Joe Dunn, under the direct supervision of Lee McBride.



Vanessa and Laurent







Vanessa and her siblings at the Original Kitchen, on their first visit to the Meher Spiritual Center, 1977

The Original Kitchen is one of the oldest structures at the Center, and was in use as a kitchen while Baba visited His Center in 1952, 1956, and 1958. At the current rate of construction, as we have observed it, we will most likely have a completely rebuilt kitchen for the Original Kitchen by early in the New Year. It is interesting to note that just before Florence landed, it was already being given a fresh interior paint job and various other upgrade details. Perhaps Baba knew that the New Humanity will be coming to His Home in the West more and more in 2019, and he wanted to remodel his kitchen?

Thank you Baba for your spiritual center, and your kitchen.





# Goher's Grief

by Vesta Clinton

In those early years of the 1970s Dr. Goher used to go into the Blue Bus early in the morning; she found privacy and would weep for Baba—sometimes with soft tears, and other times you could hear her anguish, speaking to Him, lamenting her lack of skills as a doctor to care for her Beloved.

Goher talked to Him and would ask His forgiveness for not being able to help with His physical suffering. She'd apologize for not being able to diagnose Him properly in the belief she prolonged His agony. It was heart-wrenching.

When Goher came on the men's side in those early morning hours, the men would all leave the area of the Blue Bus to give her privacy. I'd open the Blue Bus door, help her up the steps, and then I'd retreat to the Dispensary at the end of the men's veranda (in what had been Kaka Baria's room). After puttering around for about 10 minutes or so, I'd return to the Blue Bus, help Goher down the steps and we'd go back to the women's side for Arti.

One morning Goher was particularly upset and Eruch sent for me to comfort her. He'd asked one of the boys to get me from the Dispensary and go into the Blue Bus to just sit with Goher.

I will never, ever, ever, ever, ever forget that moment! I held her for a long time and she just sobbed; I was so deeply moved I wept with her.

I will never forget the intimacy of this moment.

It was around 1975 that her moments of outward anguish began to lessen. She'd go inside the Bus and dust, or look at His images and bow her head. Sometimes as I'd approach the Bus to go for Arti, I could hear her voice, ever so softly expressing sadness about how much He suffered for humanity. At times when I quietly opened the door, I



Vesta and Goher

could see her sitting there, her head placed at the foot of the cot inside. At times, Goher had me come with her inside to move items to clean properly. While helping her sweep, or dust or use a moist cloth for cleaning, she'd tell me of times He was ill or how Baba suffered painful body jerks. Certain recountings were shared in a whisper, with such reverence, like the time Baba split His tongue down the middle in the Prague automobile accident in 1952. In great detail she told how



the doctor sutured Baba's tongue while He held her hand, signing to Goher to not let Him utter a sound. The awe I experienced each time she told me of this experience was never lessened, but ac-

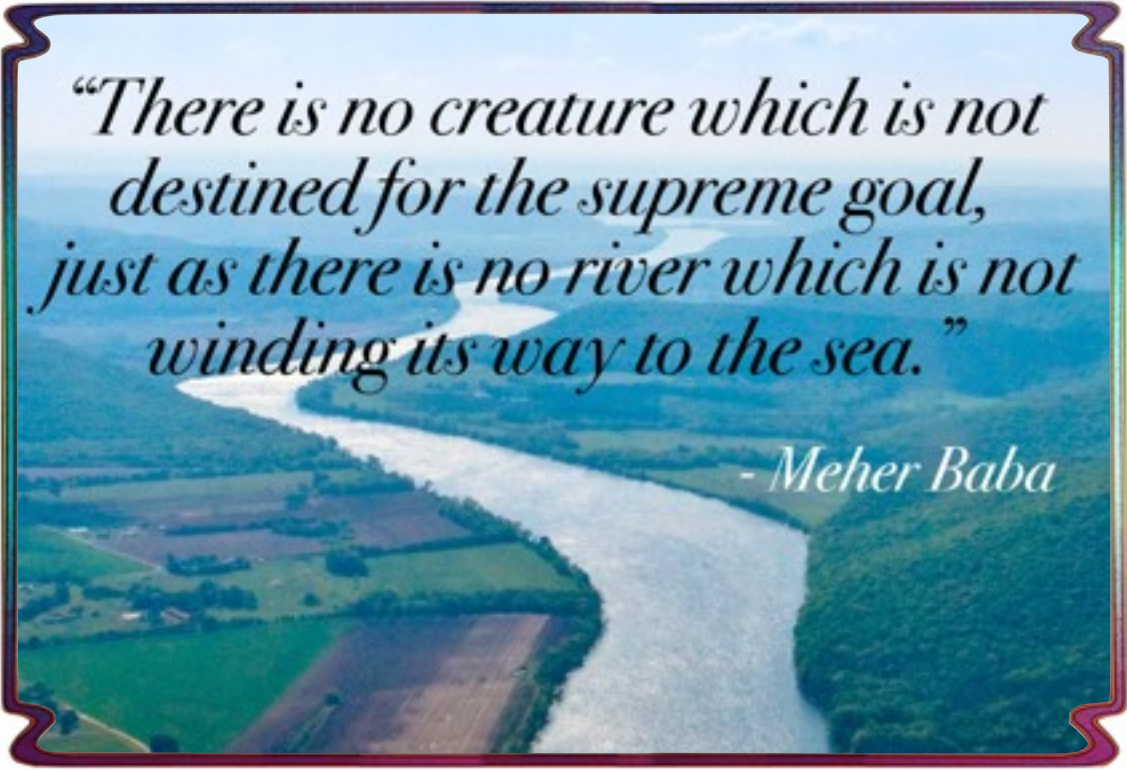


tually increased as I realized how much suffering the Avatar takes on for each of us!

At times Goher's voice would crack; other times her affect was flat. I was so spiritually immature and at times felt embarrassed to witness what was unfolding. Arnavaz would tell me to just be with her and I would know when she needed quiet, or privacy, or to be held and to trust my heart. She advised that Goher might have the need to tell a little bit about the medical disturbances to somehow help move her through the grief she was feeling when Baba left His form. Arnavaz reminded me the women did not openly share or express their sadness and pain with each other so as to obey Baba's request that Mehera could live her life with as little upset as possible; Baba asked them to keep the atmosphere light and as happy as possible. Each of the women had their place of peace and privacy; Goher found her respite in the Blue Bus.

As time passed Goher could recall these times like telling a story, sharing her memory or experience without breaking into tears. And I knew she was getting better when the men no longer scattered when we came over early in the morning, but would go about their morning activity. I also remember how Goher said that the pilgrims asking endless questions about life with Baba helped all the Mandali heal from the shock of losing His physical presence. Talking about this on the men's side one evening, Eruch commented,

"We took care of the Man who was God. You pilgrims come knowing Baba as God and want to know about the daily life of the Man whose form embodied the Lord. Maybe it is all of you who brought God to us!"



*"There is no creature which is not  
destined for the supreme goal,  
just as there is no river which is not  
winding its way to the sea."*

*- Meher Baba*

from Michael Ivey

# All Hell Had Broken Loose

by Don E. Stevens

Baba explained to them that they were all very lucky to be there at that time, as it was the day of the month on which they regularly lit the dhuni fire. This was a small ceremonial fire, used in a variety of forms in several religions, which was lit in a small brazier just at sunset.

Baba adapted the ceremony to his own ends by suggesting that each of the sahvasis embody in a small stick of wood one personal attachment or characteristic which he was willing to give up, and then cast the stick into the dhuni fire.

The sun seemed to set unusually fast that evening, for as the fire was lit on the edge of the shelter where the feet of the poor had been washed, the figures of Baba and the mandali grew into a hazy, unreal backdrop for the tiny, dancing flames. This was the first time Baba had been seen at night, and perhaps that added to the ripe air of mystery which laced the dusty heat of the gathering night.

The sahvasis formed into a long, sinuous line leading to the concrete floor on which Baba and the dhuni fire sat. Eruch handed each man a small splint of wood, Baba patted or embraced the man, and then the tiny faggot was tossed into the fire. It was quite simple.

The quiet one, who was almost two-thirds of the way down the line, wondered why many of the mandali were slipping into the queue to participate in the guileless ceremony. Usually one sensed they had been through these things so many times with Baba that there was little reason for repetition.

The quiet one thought over his personal store of stinky traits, almost tempted to single out the most attractively disgusting one of all, but decided to live with that one awhile longer. Instead, he picked the runner-up: his inordinate sensitivity to criticism. This he determined playfully to embody symbolically in the wood chip. He expected no earth-shaking reaction, and participated in the ceremony more on the basis of "when in Rome", etc.

Well, he learned. He should have taken his tip from the unusual actions of the mandali, which would have hinted that something of unusual value was occurring. But no, the sheep calmly walked down the ramp to his slaughter.

As Eruch handed him the wood chip a brief smile of recognition flashed between the two. He moved on two steps to find himself enfolded with unusual tenderness in Baba's embrace, and then he turned around and tossed the stick into the fire. It was done, and he forgot about it as he stumbled on home.

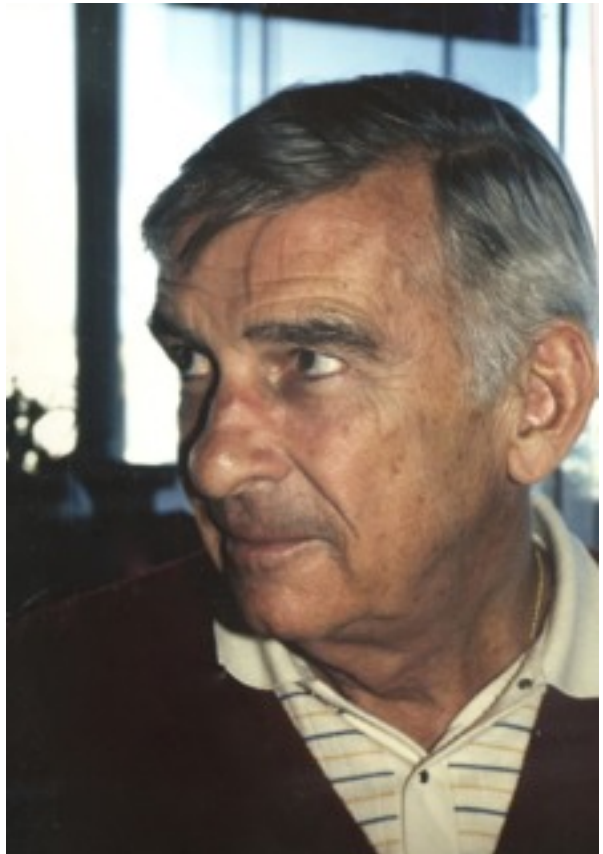
But God and Baba had not. The smoke from that one tiny bit of wood streaked half way around the world, and when the quiet one arrived home a week later all hell had broken loose. Everyone was mad at him for everything he had ever done, and for a few things he hadn't done as well.

After several days of attempting to calm people down and trying to reconstruct his shattered universe he suddenly recalled the dhuni fire. What a sucker he had been! Or stop, had he? If the stick tossed into the fire had precipitated all this, then perhaps that loving embrace by Baba held the antidote.

For weeks, as the kettle boiled and sputtered, he thought of the possible mechanics of this unusual thing that he had apparently brought on himself. Through it all however the warm support given at the time it began kept up his nerve. As affairs gradually calmed down again he wiped the mental perspiration from his brow and wondered how many other unsuspecting souls had walked full-tilt into a similar blockbuster.

Eruch, next time whittle the sticks just a little bit smaller!

In: Listen, Humanity, pp. 74-75  
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Don Stevens photo by Dick Duman

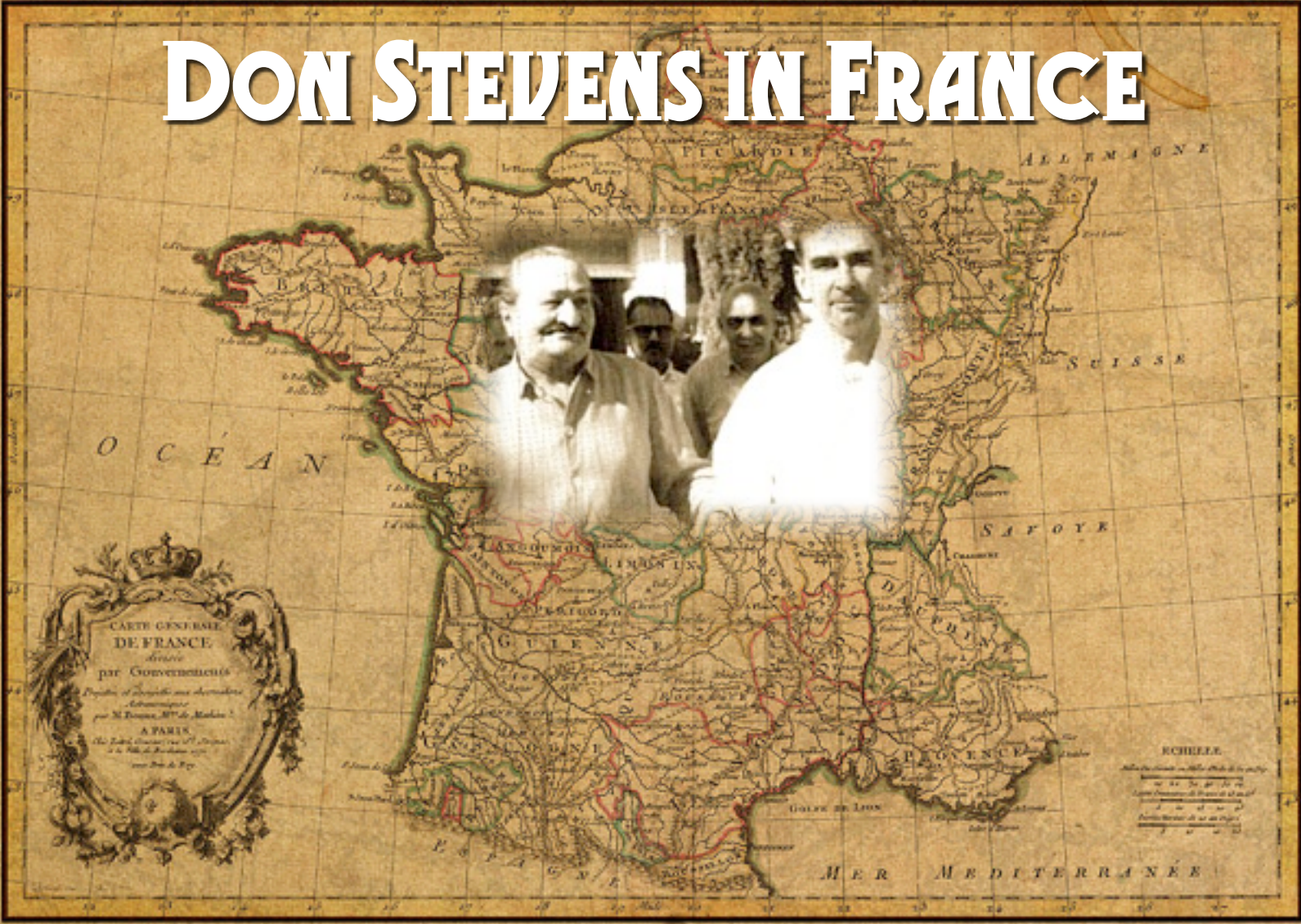
“

Intellect takes you to the  
door, but it does not take  
you into the house.

— Shams Tabrizi



# DON STEVENS IN FRANCE



By Françoise and Daniel Lemétais

Dear friends,

Don's link with France and the French people started long ago.

Indeed, he has many times narrated to us a little episode of his life with Baba: it took place before he started travelling widely for his job. He once said to Baba: "Baba, when I look at my life so far, I can see that everything falls into place and there is a reason for all I have done. But there is one thing which puzzles me though, I don't understand why I have learnt French." Baba looked at him with a smile and gestured: "You will know one day"...

And now, we all know...

Don played a prominent role in France, as far as the spreading of Meher Baba's Love, Presence and Words is concerned, and there is one thing that

many French Baba-lovers express: it is an immense gratitude towards him for all the work he has done and for what he has given them. One of them remarked that his very name, pronounced as it is "Don" (*donne*) means "give" in French, from the verb "*donner*." He countlessly gave Baba his time, his energy, his love, his intelligence, and gave all these to us as well.

Daniel and I met Don in 1968 (50 years ago, Don was 49 years old then and we were in our twenties). At that time he would come to Paris once in a while, for business purposes. And he always took advantage of these opportunities to visit Anita and Roger Vicillard and meet the few Baba-lovers who were in Paris -- in particular Yvonne Antoni (who later started the group in Marseilles), Andrée Aron (who had met Baba in Switzerland and who had been with him in Cannes), and Hilary and Robert Michiels who had met Baba in India in 1964. He would show us the films he had taken, and one memorable and poignant occasion was when he



of how the Marseilles group started. Hasan had come from Turkey to study architecture in Marseilles:

"In 1977, I am knocking at Mrs Antoni's door, holding a letter from Kitty Davy. From the moment she opened the door I was flooded with the light of her little one-room apartment. As I lived close by, I started to visit her several times a week. She told me about a gentleman who would come and hold meetings about Meher Baba, and asked if I could bring some friends from the university. Which I did, from all sorts of nationalities. This gentleman was Don Stevens, Meher Baba's tireless messenger."

“Most important, he created within each of us inner links of friendship. He was our companion, he has become our companion and will be our companion in other lives too. These links are eternal.”

So, from 1971 onwards, Don was tirelessly travelling from one place to the other throughout France to bring Meher Baba's message. Up to the end of 2010, when he could hardly walk anymore, and needed a wheelchair to travel, he kept tak-



ing the train from Paris to Marseilles, Duneau and Vannes. His dedication to Baba's work was total.

Another facet of his work in France concerns supervising translations and the publication of Meher Baba's books. There again, he tirelessly travelled to meet the translators and work with them closely. Concerning *God Speaks* in particular, he used to come once a month to our home in Troyes to work with us on the translation, and his insight was very precious to us. Throughout the years, were successively published under his supervision the translations into French of the Discourses, *Listen the New Humanity*, *Listen Humanity*, and *God Speaks*. And these books were in turn used as themes of study within the group meetings.

We must also mention these wonderful Meher Baba gatherings which he organised every other year or so and called "seminars." Many of them took place in France, starting in the 70's: in Cagnes-sur-Mer (when we met for the first time our long-time British Baba-friends), in Duneau, in Berder (Brittany), in Troyes (Champagne area), in Marseilles, and the latest one in Berlin a few days before he passed away, which he organized but was unable to attend. Besides the profound research work, these gatherings established strong inner links between the participants and particularly contributed to the deep friendship which now unites the French and the British.

And last, but not the least, was his complete investment in the organisation of pilgrimages on places charged with Baba's energy, and connected with the most important world religions. This of course is not specific to France, but a lot of the French people went on one or another of these pilgrimages, strengthening, as a side effect, the inner links people had started to establish, overcoming frontiers between languages and cultures. Some of us even consider that this work of Don, which demanded so much energy and sacrifice on his part, is one of the most important things he has realised and that it is a heritage he has left for us to develop.

Now, if we turn to the core of his role among the groups, if we ask why he was so much loved and appreciated by the people who have attended his Meher Baba meetings for 40, 30 or 20 years, and

by the relatively new-comers as well, here are some of the most frequent answers which we are quoting as a sort of mosaic:

**He made us know Meher Baba.** He had a sort of magnetism which made people come to Baba. He revealed to us the Divine dimension of Meher Baba. He led us to the path of His Love: He deposited in us an immense treasure which we are discovering now, little by little, and which we must develop in turn. He gave us tools, and it is now up to us to do the work. His visits were uplifting, with an acute awareness of Divine Presence. He gave us insight and enlightenment into Baba's books, the Discourses and *God Speaks*, in particular. He helped us understand Meher Baba's philosophy, and how to work on our *sanskaras*. We felt recharged with love, understanding and peace. He communicated so much energy and enthusiasm, that coming back home after a meeting, we felt as if we were floating in the air.

**He was a companion,** a real companion (not a master), a modern guide, a spiritual father, an elder brother, a member of the family, and sometimes a teacher. He would listen, ready to understand everyone. We could ask any question. We felt fully accepted as we were. He showed so much compassion and generosity. He possessed this perfect balance between the heart and the mind which was necessary to guide us. His fine intelligence and his simplicity were just what we, young Westerners in search of a meaning, needed. He had a keen psychological approach, and most of all a very sharp intuition: many times, he would say the right thing at the right moment or tell a story which would precisely answer an inner question or deal with a problem which one of us had. There was a perfect synchronicity between his words and our expectations.

**He was an example:** He was directly implicated in active life, and the details of his own life-story gave us trust and the feeling that we were living the same experiences in daily life. He gave us hope and optimism. He was reassuring. He was an example of practical mysticism. Some of us say: "You showed us how to really live. You were an example of self-forgetfulness and selfless service. You gave yourself completely."

Many of us agree to say that one of the key subjects he developed and insisted on was **honesty**. And yes, we have to be honest: there were times of disagreement and contradiction, but this is the inevitable part of an unfailing friendship over the years, and which will remain as a precious gem in our hearts.

And here are some more testimonies:

“Don has been the indispensable help to the profound understanding of the “mysticism” of Meher Baba, which underlies every moment of our daily lives, and reveals that spirituality is in fact a very practical thing. Most of all Don helped to create in each of us inner links of friendship... These links are eternal.”

“Thank you so much Don for your generosity, your compassion, your enlightenment about Baba’s books, all the qualities of the great soul you are. You stay alive for ever in our hearts.”

“You have now found the sublime path that leads to Him. He was waiting for you who offered Him an incredible quality of self forgetfulness... Adieu, we will meet again.”

And from one of his close Marseilles companions at the time of his passing:

“Don, my companion... our companion, time has come for you to leave us for a moment. You had offered us an extraordinary and unique testimony, and our Beloved worked in a divine way through you. It is now time to follow your testimony and His Will, each one in his own way, and always in His Love. Never will I forget you.”

Dear Don, you always started a meeting with a moment of silence with Baba, and always ended it with these words: “*Toujours dans Tes bras*” (always in Your arms). We do believe you are in Baba’s arms.

*Françoise (May 2011 and 2018)*





# A TESTIMONY ON DON

Christine et Philippe Joucla  
Vannes (Brittany France)

Don Stevens came into our lives (Philippe and Christine) at Duneau, in Gina and André Grimaud's home, in 1988. We were both seekers on the spiritual path, and it was Christiane Lecourt who told us about the meetings with Don. Straightaway, we felt close to Don and fully accepted as we were. He would answer all my questions calmly and the details of his own life-story gave us trust and the feeling that we were living the same experiences in daily life.

We then mainly studied the different chapters from *Discourses* and the virtues of Honesty and Loyalty. Don possessed this perfect balance between the heart and the mind which was necessary to guide me. Some time after our move to Brittany, Vannes, Don suggested coming to Vannes for the meetings, we were thrilled. The meetings in our home started in 1993 in our Arradon house. Don would come once a month, then every other month for the last two years. Each time, I felt "re-charged" with love, understanding and peace, and my anxious disposition (sanskaras) vanished.

The most striking event for me in Don's anecdotes was the story when Baba had "cut off" the wire of worrying in Don's life. Don realized it on the plane coming back from New York where he had met Baba. The "wire" of anxiety had totally disappeared and for ever.

During his visits in our Arradon home, Don carried on relating Baba's philosophy and stories to the numerous visitors who came home, we

launched the Berder seminar, which thrilled all participants, then, I stopped inviting too many people and we kept a small group of companions composed of Philippe and myself, Françoise Laveuve and Pierre, Claude Guichon, and for the last two years: Mihaela, Isabelle, Hélène. These last years, Don told us about his intuitions, and each time, his words would correspond to our own questioning or thoughts of the moment, and Don's words were full of optimism, which was also amazing and powerful. There was also this perfect synchronicity between his words and our expectations.

Philippe worked with Don for a long time on the re-editing of the 1960 films on Baba, I assisted Don in his choice of music. We also contributed to a part of the translations or to editing some of the translations. Each time Don came, he would sit at Philippe's desk to write his e-mails. Don would have his meals with us but hardly ever accepted to sleep at home, he didn't want to "disturb" and would stay in a small hotel outside the train station in order to catch the train back to Paris on the following day.

Our three children, Mailys, Aurélien and Solène grew up with his presence. He always said we were "family" to him. For me, Don was a second father. We went on the pilgrimage to India with him in 2004 and Aurélien, our son, went on the same pilgrimage with his girl-friend Yuri, in January 2009. These were unforgettable experiences. Don will remain present in our life for ever.

*Christine Joucla 12 mai 2011*



# Panchvati Cave and the Avataric Period. Part I

by Michael Schall, Meherabad

EDITORIAL COMMENT: We have split this lengthy article into two sections and will continue it in OmPoint 23.

Dear Laurent,  
Jai Baba!

I send this from Meherabad, where I have been living for the past 35 years. My computer mail program is acting strangely, so I send it from my deceased wife Sarah's email address.

Sarah was given the job by Bhau Kalchuri of doing regular Panchvati Cave tours. I accompanied her on these so I am doing them now. Recently I wrote up some Panchvati Cave tour notes, which I have expanded slightly as you can see from the attached. I don't know if this is a "hot potato" or what, but I feel that it has personal relevance, and I imagine that many other Baba-lovers might agree.

I don't know if you are still connected with Baba publishing, but I am asking you (if you have time to read this) what you think of it. As you can see it seems to connect with Baba's upcoming Manifestation. Of course you might not agree with me on this matter... no problem.

In His Love, Mike

Shortly prior to the year 2000 the Indian government designated Meherabad as an official "Pilgrim Area", and A.M.B. Trust chairman Bhau Kalchuri had some markers made designating a number of sites of interest for visitors to Meherabad [18]. When it came to the marker for Panchvati Cave, a man-made cave in which Baba did an important Seclusion in November 1930, its location had to be established before the marker could be set in place. It was known that it was somewhere on the south-eastern side of the hill adjacent to the approach road to the Samadhi. A couple of Australian Baba-lovers were assigned the job to excavate one or more most-likely spots in order to hopefully locate the cave, and it was accordingly found.

Now it's a short walk from the Hill parking lot to the cave, which was left as it was found, unexcavated and therefore almost invisible except for the marker... The cave points outward from the Samadhi area, towards lower Meherabad. It had been solidly constructed, lined with thick rock walls and originally covered with a tin sheet roof, and there was a canvas curtain



added for privacy. A description with photos of the cave as it appeared while partially excavated by Tim & Jaya Waidehlich, is found in Glow Int. [18].

### Meher Baba's Panchvati Cave Seclusion:

In the year 1930 Baba wanted to do a period of Seclusion in a cave [8]. Prof. Rathore has written about Baba's cave seclusion work, as a part of His "Universal work" [16]. For this purpose, He had a cave dug out in Panchgani ("Tiger Valley cave").

However, Baba's work in May 1930 was not completed in Tiger Valley due to distractions from local darshan- and curiosity-seekers. So Baba requested that another cave be dug out at Meherabad for the completion of the seclusion work, slated for November 1930 [8]. The cave was dug out by



Meherabad Mandali under the supervision of Baba's brother Jal, in 40 days. Baba went into cave-seclusion on Nov. 15, and finished on Nov. 26. During the seclusion there were 3 incidents specially designated by Bhau Kalchuri as worthy of mention; they have repeatedly been described by Bhau in various Bhauchats (Bhau's once a week televised talks) in response to various specific inquiries [9].

**The first story** concerns the 7 Names of God prayer. At sunset, every day while Baba was in His Meherabad "Panchvati Cave" seclusion, He would have the men Mandali sit in front of the curtain and sing the 7 Names of God prayer (originally composed by Baba for Meher Ashram students in 1927). The prayer goes as follows: "Hari Paramatma Allah Ahuramazd God Yezdan Hu." This specific sequence of 7 Names was sung according to a tune provided by Baba, in continuous repetition for 1 hour. The tune can be found on Katie

Irani's CD "Singing for Baba" [5]; Baba had the women Mandali sing it daily during WWII [20].

What is the significance of this prayer, with its continuous repetition? Bhau has stated that "These are God's names in all religions." and "the significance is that God is One, and we have come down on earth to realize God." "The same Ancient One comes down age after age, and every time He comes there is a different type of people. So He just gives the Name of God according to

what they need, and tells them to follow this. Afterwards it becomes a religion" [9]. Thus Baba stated His Avataric mission (for Paramount Newsreel in London in April 8, 1932): "I intend to bring together all religions and cults like beads on one string and revitalize them for individual and collective

needs. This is my mission to the West." [13]. The 7 Names of God prayer does just that by its continuous cyclic repetition, and thus may be regarded as heralding Baba's Avataric mission.

Incidentally, the name Panchvati comes from the Ramayana [3], the life-story of Avatar Ram; it is the spot where Ram, His wife Sita and His brother Lakshman were staying when Sita was abducted by Ravana. This was the prelude to the great battle for Sita's recovery which ended in Ravana's violent death at Ram's hands. In a way this seems significantly comparable to the world situation in 1930: the world was in the Great Depression following the stock market collapse of 1929, and Nazi egocentrism was starting to take over Germany, resulting in the horrors of World War II, the Holocaust, and the atom bomb. And so it may be that Meher Baba's Panchvati Cave seclusion marked the startup of His worldwide Avataric Manifestation (just as His Panchvati stay had for Ram), and



thus the name Panchvati Cave may have been aptly selected by Baba for its symbolic appropriateness to the seclusion work that He was doing.

**The second story** is that of Pleader, an Indian fellow who came to Baba in 1928 wanting God-Realization [8]. Baba said He could give that to him, if he would obey Baba 100%. He replied that he would. So he was kept under Baba's orders until 1930 when Baba returned to Meherabad for His Panchvati Cave seclusion. During Baba's seclusion, Pleader was ordered to stay in the Post Office building (which was later torn down in 1933), and not to leave the building under any circumstances until Baba called for him. He was ordered to keep silent, while taking Baba's Name continually (no reading or writing allowed), and fasting on 1 liter of milk (and water as needed) per day. Baba was Himself under the same fasting regimen [9].

The story is that one morning Pleader saw a large cobra watching him from the rafters. He saw it but could do nothing about it, just continue taking Baba's Name and watch & wait. At 12 noon, Siddhu came from the village with Pleader's milk ration, and Pleader pointed out the cobra. Siddhu became speechless with fear, and he ran and brought Pendu and Chhagan. They used a torch to drive the cobra out of the rafters where it fell hissing onto the floor near Pleader, and it was killed; it was a very dangerous proceeding for all (afterwards Chhagan fainted). Pleader witnessed it all, and he continued to take Baba's Name silently as ordered.

When Baba completed His seclusion, he called for Pleader and asked him if anything happened. Pleader told Baba about the cobra incident, and Baba was happy that Pleader had kept His orders during this trial of his complete obedience. Baba continued to give Pleader orders for 30 years until his death in 1960. Pleader fasted for years at a time on milk only, spent some time in Tiger Valley cave, brought Mohamed mast to Baba, directed a play in which the actors



Baba inside cave 1930

were madmen and masts (Raja Gopichand), spent time begging in the Himalayas, etc., etc., all according to Baba's orders [10]. Finally Pleader was brought to Baba at Meherazad on the point of death and he enquired about the promised God-Realization. Baba told him to wait for Him at Meherabad, and he would see Baba soon. Two days later, in his dark room at Meherabad, Pleader exclaimed: "Oh, LIGHT!" and died. Of course (as Bhau has stated) he must have received God-realization as Baba had promised, after his years of obedient service compliant to Baba's wish [8,10].

**The third story** is that of Paul Brunton, which was the pen name of British journalist Raphael Hurst [8,10]. Paul wanted to meet Baba for an interview in order to write a book about yogis, saints and Masters in India. He sent word requesting a meeting with Meher Baba for this purpose. In response Baba sent Adi K. Irani to meet him in Bombay and tell him that Baba is in strict seclusion and does not meet anyone during seclusion.

Paul still insisted on coming directly to Meherabad; when he arrived on Nov. 22, he was put into what is now the library of Meher Retreat (the water-tank building near the Samadhi) to wait. There his attendant was Siddhu, the same guy from the village who was waiting on Pleader. Siddhu did not understand a word of English. Baba had plenty of intellectual followers but He did not allow them to come near Paul.

Paul was apparently pretty disgusted with his situation and was ready to leave after a day or 2, when Baba granted his interview on Nov. 23 & 24. In it Baba is reported to have said through an interpreter some remarkable things, including what Prof. Rathore calls "the first-ever and the most complete statement by Baba on his mission as the Avatar of the Age." [16].

When Baba said that He was the Messiah (i.e., the Avatar), Brunton asked in response, "How do you





know you are the Messiah?" Baba replied, "I know! Know it so well. You know that you are a human being, and I know that I am the Avatar... I have a divine mission to fulfill, and I will do it!" And Baba later said: "I know who I am. When the time comes for me to fulfill my mission, the world will also know who I am." [2,8] Paul was unconvinced however, and he demanded Baba to prove it! It seems that Paul wanted the Avatar to produce some kind of miracle [15]. Of course, as we know, Baba does not do miracles directly, though seemingly miraculous things sometimes happen around Him. Paul in his book "A Search in Secret India" (1934), had a lot of nice things to say about the saints and others whom he met, but he was totally negative about Meher Baba and His claims of Avatarhood.

In spite of this, many people came to Baba from reading that book [8]. Brunton's secretary Louis Agostini decided to investigate this Meher Baba, and he and his wife became staunch Baba-lovers as a result [1]. So Paul actually did do Baba's work, although it seems that he did it totally unknowingly.

One might call this a lesson respecting obedience to God's wish. Pleader was 100% obedient, and received God-Realization at the end of his life. Brunton was disobedient right off the bat, and remained an independent-yogi to the end of his days. In this regard, it may be worthwhile to study Meher Baba's Wish (given three times during a 1958 Sahavas) and the implications of our obedience to it. [15, p 320].



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I have disclosed all my secrets today  
And found my soul by giving it away.

Heart and soul adoring the Beloved  
In whose embrace I cherish my heyday,

I found the Loved One, I need no one else;  
Let my store be plundered this very day.

Earth is mine, sky is mine, heavens are mine,  
Under my tent, I put them in array.

No wonder the name Yunus is disgraced:  
They read my poems and learn what I say.



YUNUS EMRE

Yunus Emre - the first eminent Turkish language Sufi poet, a Bektashi  
There is a great series on Yunus and the Sufi life streaming on Netflix.



# Marla Faith On Her Art

The cover art for this issue is called Lamentation, and is pencil and watercolor. For sale at \$ 175. and is 8"x7" unframed.

Lots more new Baba art at [marlafait.com](http://marlafait.com). I'll be exhibiting my art at the Meher Spiritual Center in April 2019. Artist contact is [gratitudemarla@gmail.com](mailto:gratitudemarla@gmail.com)

Visiting the Meher Spritual Center 1.5 years ago, I saw this photo in a Baba book and sketched it. I started and put aside a large oil painting based on the photo a year ago. The emotion and composition in the image was so powerful, like a Renaissance lamentation. Today I pulled put the sketch and decided to play on top by adding color to it, sort of as a warm up for returning to the large painting. It's so challenging to capture the full emotion and exact look of the women mandali. I feel very lucky to have met them. I don't want a resemblance, but to invest the painting with their spirit. Sometimes when I get out of the way Baba comes through. This is the largest grouping of people I've ever attempted in an artwork. It's somewhat overwhelming and I feel like I'm present in the samadhi with them when I approach doing this.

Note on the pencil work on the right: it is called Rescued, and is very small. In 2010 there was a flood in Nashville, and we lost our house. This image depicts Baba holding my family through this event.





## A THIMBLE FULL

by Marla Faith

The soul weighs the same  
whether baby or old person  
So let your full weight  
fall upon Me  
Collapse into My arms  
and I will catch, hold, and  
carry you with ease  
as I always have  
Your soul rides in  
a sailboat, not a tugboat  
Release your troubles  
into the water like scattered ash  
Become weightless again  
Listen My love,  
the soul weighs less than a pea  
and is made of breath  
touched with Love's fine caress  
Nothing heavy should hold it down  
All you need is  
a thimble full of Me to  
be made of Light



**LISTENING TO THE BONES**  
POEMEDITATIONS AND ART  
BY MARLA FAITH

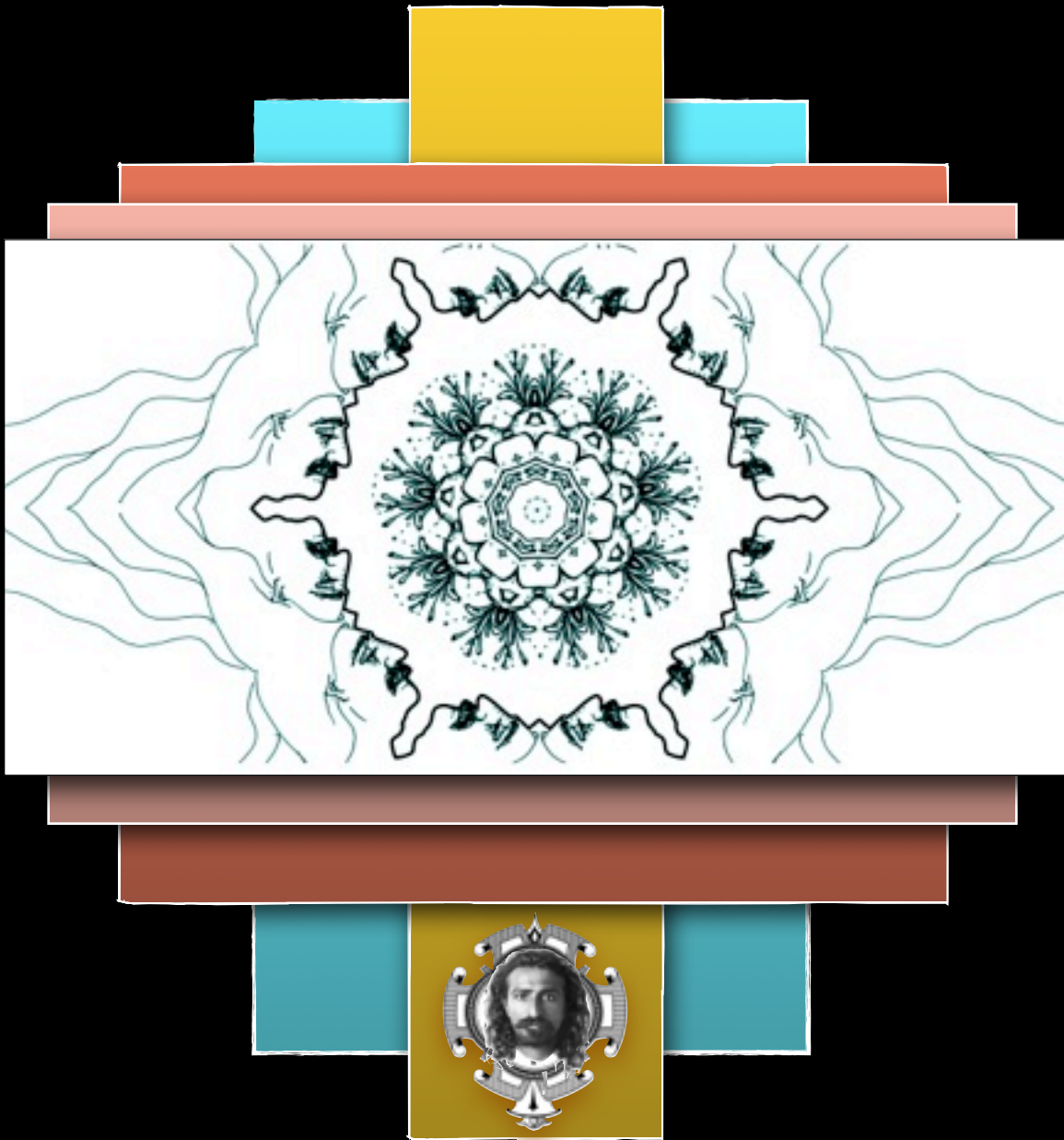
## LISTENING TO THE BONES

Having written poetry and made art all my life, this is my first published book “Listening to the Bones,” which includes 35 original artworks, matched to my poems. I mainly work in collage, oil paint, and drawing.

The book is divided into three sections, and can be read as a narrative. One could just enjoy the Meher Baba section, however as a whole the book parallels incarnation and awakening. Most of us walk through the unconscious circumstances that shape us, perhaps feeling confusion and anger, moving into forgiveness and understanding, and coming out in light and love. This has been my journey, and I hope that readers will see their own journey reflected here.

Available at Sheriar Books, Amazon and  
[www.marlafaith.com](http://www.marlafaith.com)







# Decorate With Song

Daniel Stone and the Band-o-Naad

Review by Jane Brown

There are countless ways to decorate the Divine; Meher Baba said that music is one form of such “decoration” with great possibilities for helping pierce through the veil and revealing the joy and fulfillment of His presence within. Daniel Stone and his Band-o-Naad have crafted a wonderful song journey through many of the joys and challenges of following the path leading to our home in the Beloved. Song styles and influences range from pop, jazz, folk, bluegrass, to world music.

There are many songs to be savored on this recording. My personal favorites are “Season of My Life”, a rocker, and two more melodic ones, “No One Else” and “Follow Me”. But there are many others to choose from, and if you listen you will no doubt find your own favorites.

While each of the songs on this recording is quite distinct, one in particular carries a theme that is woven throughout the entire collection. “Oasis” was inspired by the story of the camel’s bell that was used by the women mandali when they were being drawn in the New Life caravan, to alert the men mandali when they needed to halt. Baba’s sister Mani said the camel’s bell is a symbol that we should not get waylaid on our way back to Him. These songs all can serve to remind us that our journey continues, and to always remain alert to the sound of that “camel’s bell” that calls for us to re-up our commitment to reaching our goal which is ultimately Baba. Interestingly, the camel’s bell is also a metaphor that Hafiz uses to symbolize the master. And there is a photo of the New Life camel’s bell from Meherazad that graces the inside cover of the CD, which also features beautiful artwork by Jeffrey Streed.

Overall this is a delightful collection of songs to Baba that express Daniel’s intimate relationship with Him. His longing is felt throughout in the soft yet strong tones of his beautiful voice. Energizing yet soothing and uplifting...this is a journey to the Soul. The production by Brian McKenzie is spectacular...blending mandolin, guitars, percussion, vocals and keyboards perfectly.....this CD is a rare jewel!

CD is available from Sheriar Books  
([sheriarbooks.org](http://sheriarbooks.org)); download available at

<https://tinyurl.com/yayoctgv>





## Only Bliss

Laurent Weichberger



**I**n the Garden of Gethsemane we have been invited by Him to pray.  
Some rise and stand by his side, while others sleep, what can I say?

He asked us not to spend our precious lives judging our fellow man,  
But to focus on right alignment with His Divine Plan.

He said, "Some like work and some like Play, but if you do it for me it is the same."  
He said to "penetrate into the essence" was and is the "sole game"

My soul responds by placing my head at His feet and attempting to leave it there.  
As Hafez said, my heart is enraptured by the sight of just a curl of His hair.

Oh Doug, there are no words left to write you on such a day as this.  
Oh Baba, as you rightly reminded us there is really only Bliss.

for D.S. Lionfire



## Near Ecstasy

by Irma Sheppard

When I want to picture Baba, an image that comes easily to mind is one taken in 1954 at the Kushroo Quarters darshan, where He is seated, leaning forward, His hands cupping the cheeks of a small Indian boy, who stands still, eye to eye with Baba, enthralled, while his two older sisters stand behind him, one holding his shoulders as if to keep him from falling into Baba, smiling, laughing, unable to contain their joy at seeing their dear little brother so blessed with Baba's hands—His smile not only on His lips, but also in His luminous unworldly eyes—the love, the thrilling delight passing through the boy, into the girls, one by one, till one cannot maintain her normal posture and collapses onto her sister in utter delight—sister holding sister holding brother—Baba's loving touch holding them all—a chain of near ecstasy, a charged moment held forever in their memory and in ours.





Baba Cosmic  
(cropped)  
Painting by  
Max Reif



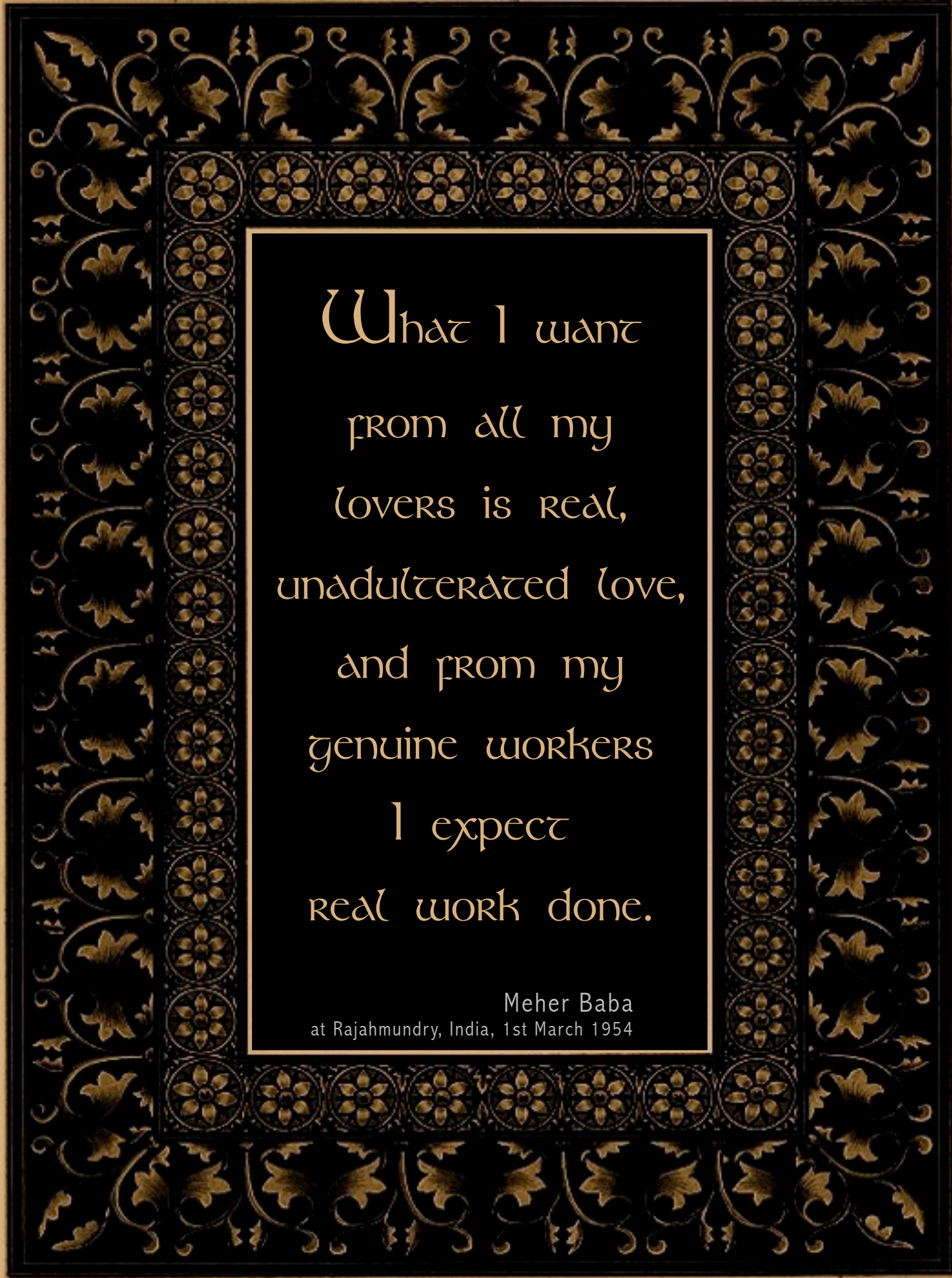
## "Divine Annihilation"

Anne Haug,  
Emigrant, Montana

I feel like an unrequited lover dying for love.  
This separation is killing me.  
Will anyone dance with me?  
I am too serious on my way to annihilation.







What I want  
from all my  
lovers is real,  
unadulterated love,  
and from my  
genuine workers  
I expect  
real work done.

Meher Baba  
at Rajahmundry, India, 1st March 1954





You must prepare yourself for the transition in which there will be none of the things to which you have accustomed yourself, says Ghazali. After death your identity will have to respond to stimuli of which you have a chance to get a foretaste here. If you remain attached to the few things with which you are familiar, it will only make you miserable.

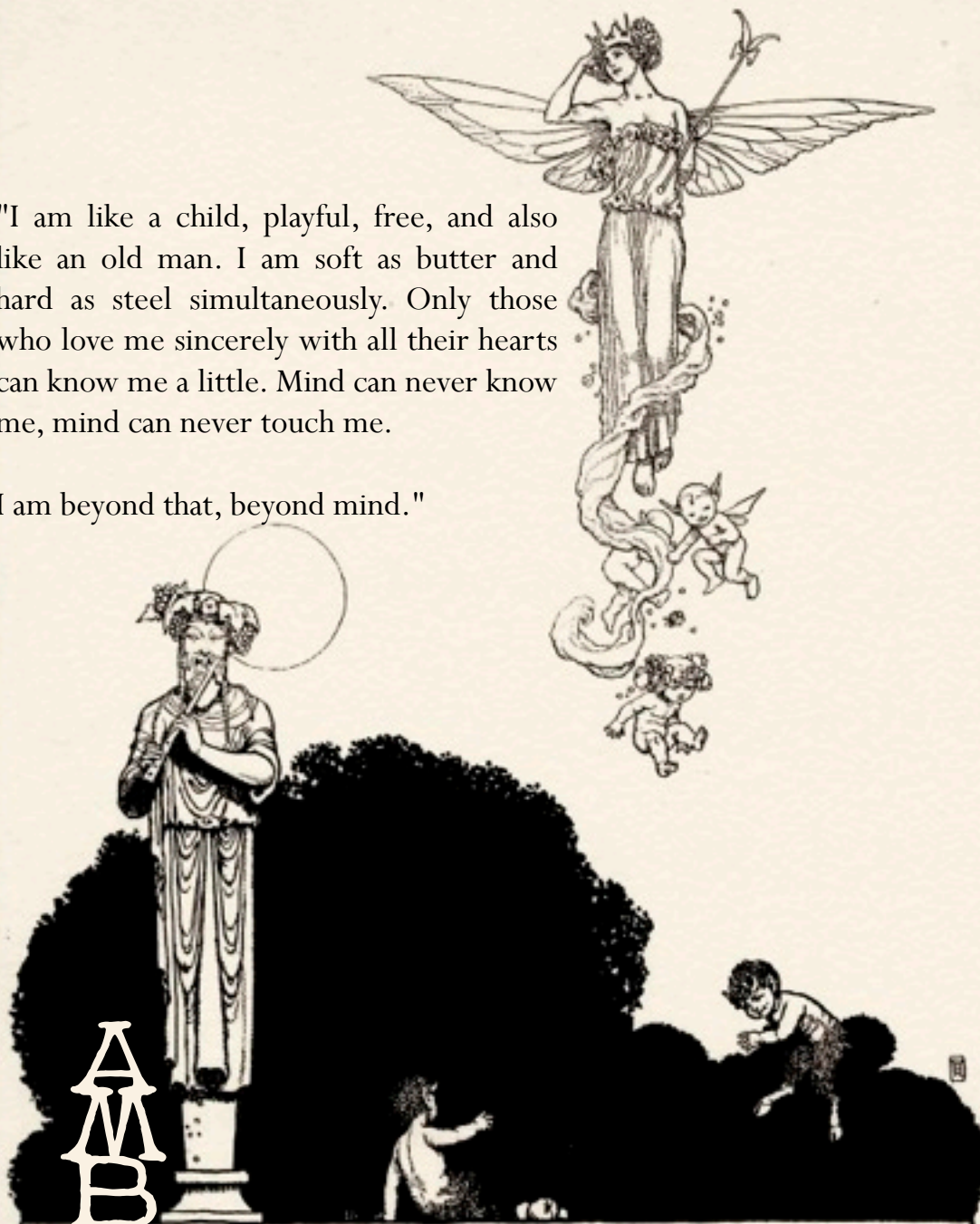


IDRIES SHAH



"I am like a child, playful, free, and also like an old man. I am soft as butter and hard as steel simultaneously. Only those who love me sincerely with all their hearts can know me a little. Mind can never know me, mind can never touch me.

I am beyond that, beyond mind."



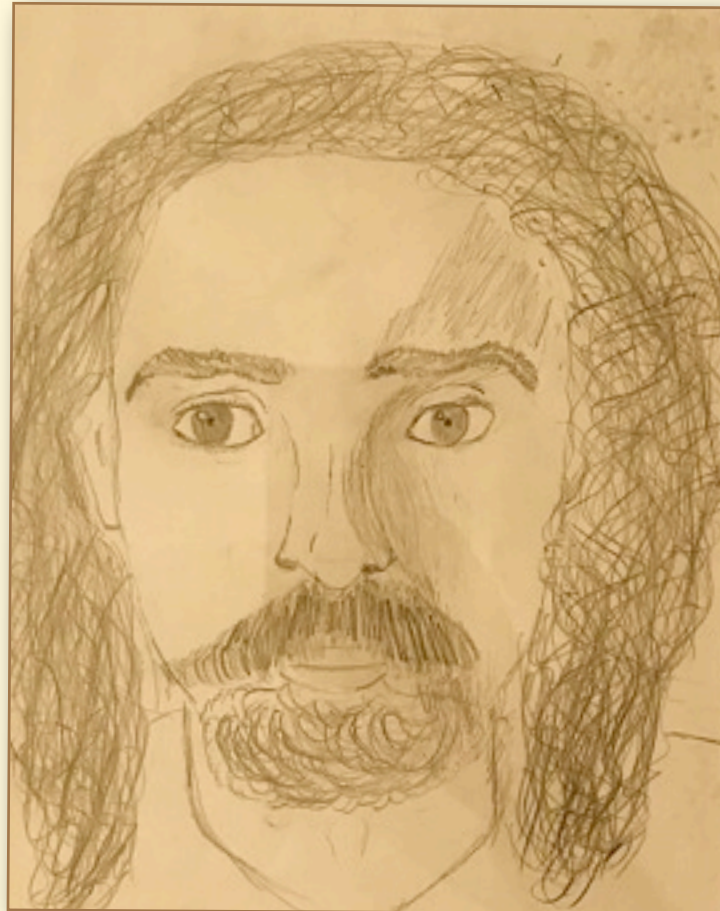
Avatar Meher Baba



“BABA’S LIKE A  
PURIFIED PRESENCE.”

Cyprus Weichberger (age 12)





by Cyprus Weichberger  
drawn at the Meher  
Spiritual Center

# FORGIVENESS WITH MEHER BABA

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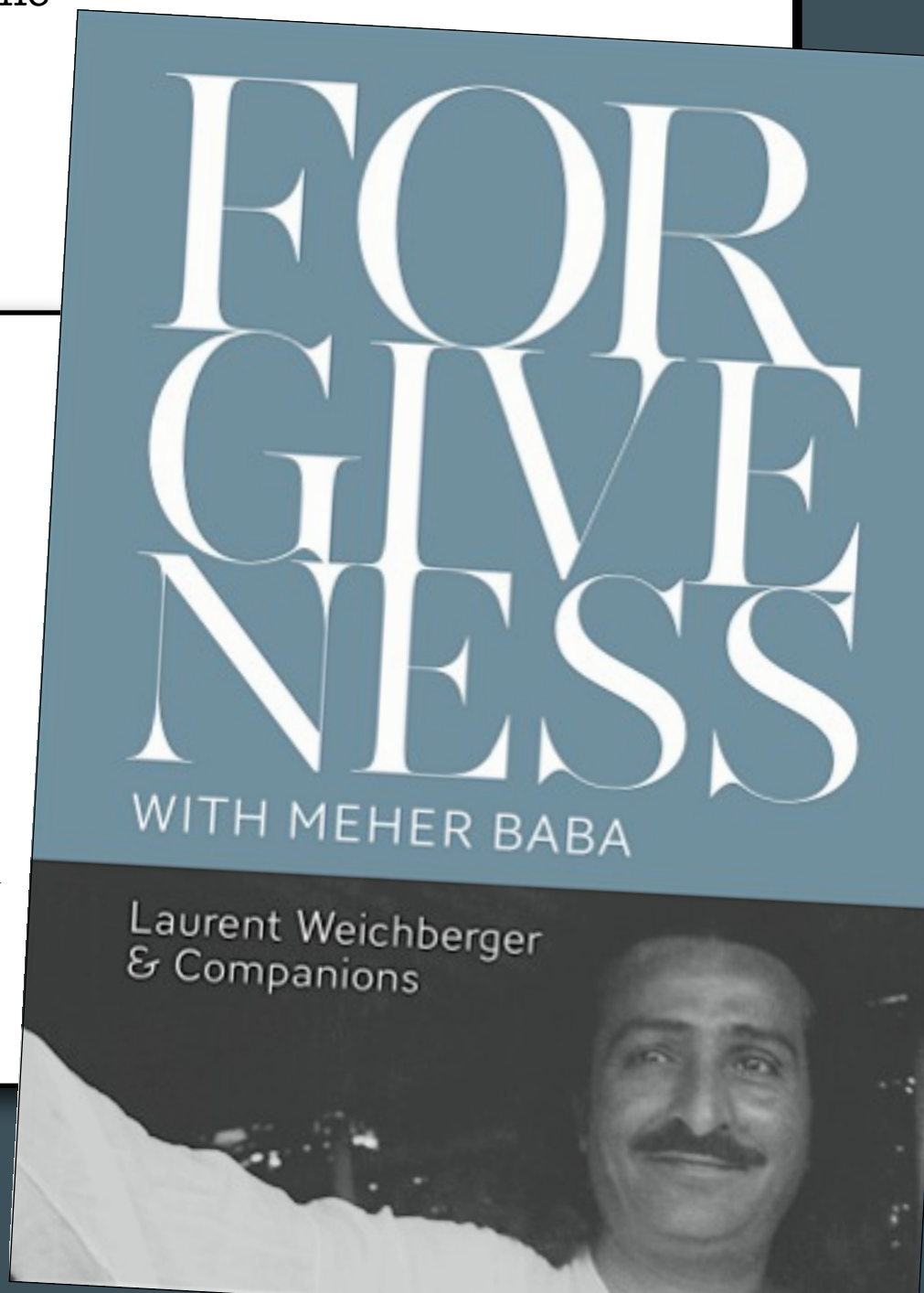
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Chinese and her forgiveness  
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# Meher Baba's Samadhi: Tales from the Crypt

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## Call for Submissions

If you have had a significant or remarkable experience in Meher Baba's Samadhi, or one directly relating to the Samadhi - [uplifting, heartwarming or humorous], please write it up and send it to Irma Sheppard.

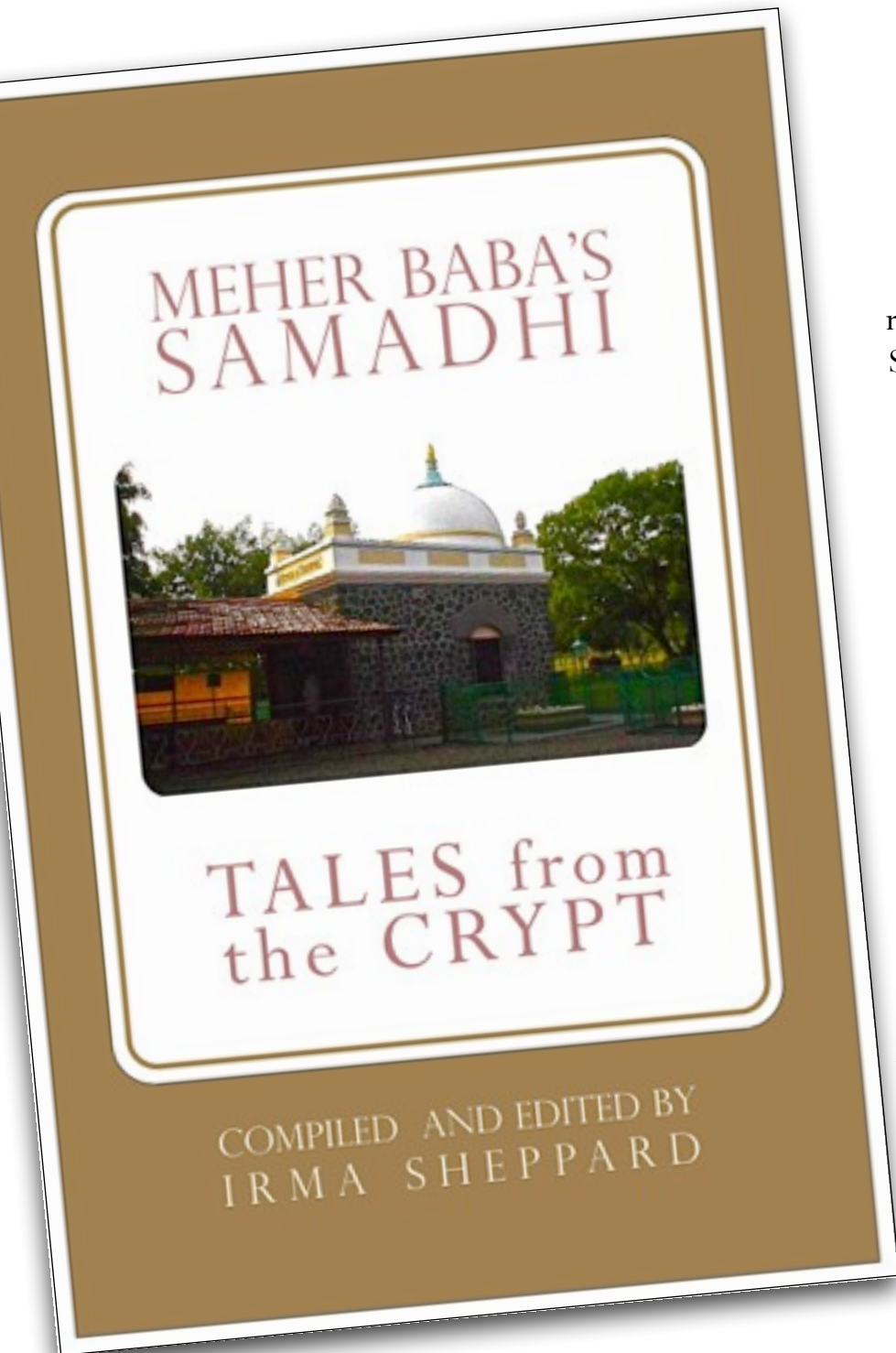
Please email Irma Sheppard at

[irmasheppard@icloud.com](mailto:irmasheppard@icloud.com)

for guidelines

Proceeds to benefit the  
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Red Oaks Project

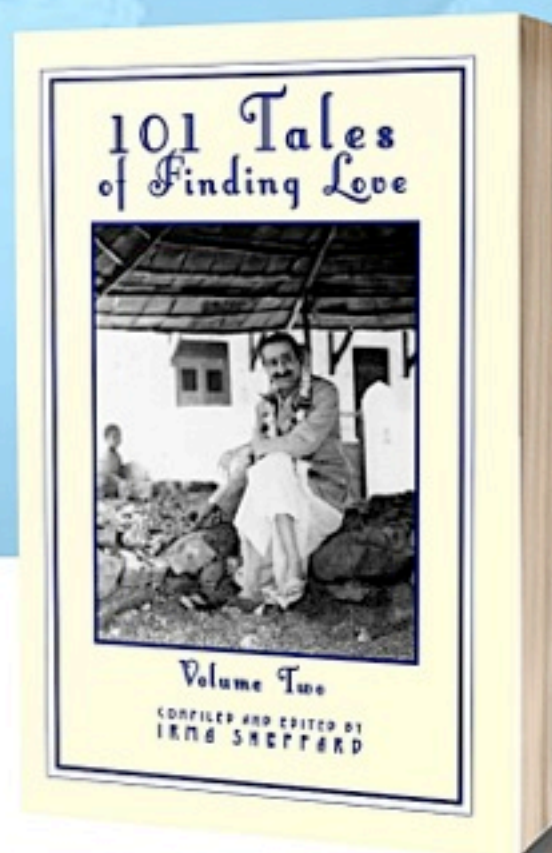
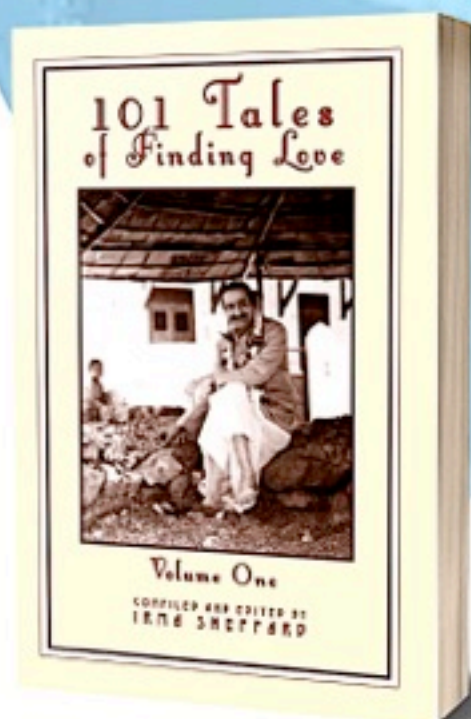
Note: Full credit to Susan McKendree, Weaverville NC, for the wonderful title and Baba meeting from which the idea for this book emerged.





**Stories of coming to**  
**Meher Baba**  
**from His lovers around the world**

**Volume Three is under construction.**  
**The goal is 101 Tales in total.**  
**There are 15 open story slots as of Nov. 2018.**  
**To submit your story, please email**  
**Irma Sheppard, [irmasheppard@icloud.com](mailto:irmasheppard@icloud.com)**  
**for story guidelines. Thank you.**



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WHAT ARE THEIR TEACHING METHODS?

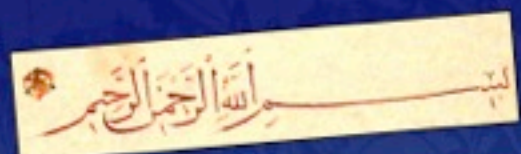
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## AMONG THE SLEEPING: SUFISM Within and Without ISLAM

KARL MOELLER



# Tucson's Third Meher Baba Billboard Appears

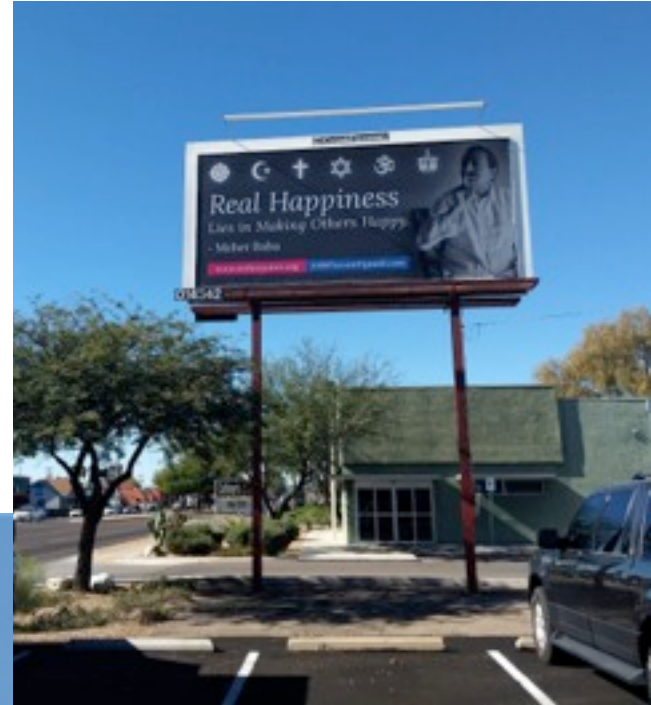
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A new Baba billboard went up on Monday 11/26/2018 in Tucson, Arizona. It's on the north side of Speedway between McKinley and Van Buren. Speedway is a main east-west street, heavily traveled. It will be up for at least one month.

The previous two billboards used portraits of Meher Baba by artist Charlie Mills.

Special thanks to Lewis, Nancy, Robin and Kim for their contribution.

What a unique way to honor Meher Baba and spread the word!





The Proprietors: Karl and Laurent. 2018